AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL

BY AIR MA
PAR AVIC

France

SVERIGE SVERIGE SVERIGE SVERIGE SVERIGE

FLYGPOST
PARA/ION

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
North Carolina Digital Heritage Center

https://archive.org/details/logosspring19641964quee

logos

SPRING 1964

ARTICLES AND ESSAYS

Editorial/*Jane Trivette*/3
Letter From India/*Elizabeth C. Cumming*/5

FICTION

Megan/*Jane Trivette*/9
Washington Encounters/*Martha Watson*/21

SKETCHES AND DESCRIPTIVE ESSAYS

The Old World of Vienna/*Chris Safford*/10
Europe in Retrospect/*LaVerne Brown*/32
Land of Contrast/*Kent Anderson*/39
Peachtree Street—A Variegated Thread/*Ann Aldrich*/42

POETRY

The Nagger/*Ann Aldrich*/8
Memory of Kubla Khan/*Louise Gittings*/14
Voices/*Sheryl Owens*/16
Ergo Sum/*Paul B. Newman*/17
The Half-Prince/*Anne Cooke*/17
Unredeemed/*Mette Petersen*/18
One Summer/*Sheryl Owens*/31
Ephemeral/*Anne Cooke*/35
The Tree Outside/*Sheryl Owens*/37
Youth/*Anne Cooke*/41

ART

Cover Design/*Liz Rucker*
Donkey/*Liz Rucker*/4
Drawing/*Pat Jordan*/15
Woodcut/*Mette Petersen*/19
The Capitol/*Bea Upson*/20
Tree/*Pam Grebe*/36
Shaliman/*Liz Rucker*/38

EDITORIAL

Much, perhaps too much, has been written during the past several years about the place art should occupy in our society. People have cast about for incisive answers to the question that has become almost an academic parlor game: What is the position of "art" in "life"? There are few who would recommend a society in which expression of the aesthetic is unknown, a Brave New World of sheer technology; yet the feeling seems accepted that art *is* removed from everyday life, and the task of the artist is that of relating the one to the other. The very fact that such a question can arise would seem but a further recognition of the necessity of spanning the would-be distance between the two. It is interesting that this disparity could, in principle at least, arise only in the western mind. The oriental assumes that all that is real is immediately apprehendable; hence, if life itself is real and the aesthetic is also, there is no necessity of relating them, for they are discovered each in each. If one or the other were *not* real, that one would be unimportant and the problem of relating them would not exist.

Logos, if it is to be the "form which expresses the thought", has, by its very definition, resolved the problem of what it will be in terms of our question. It is the vehicle by which ideas are expressed. Here, we cannot help recognizing the fact of differences—varieties of perception as well as various modes of expression. But for those of us who are involved in a "liberal arts education", it is particularly important that while we accept these differences we not accept the untenable assertion of their unrelatedness.

At *Queens,* we seem destined to make an unnecessarily divisive distinction between the imaginative and the expository—the artistic and the technological. For example, there are many people who might find a scientific essay out of place in a literary magaine such as *logos.* Will this not be a contradiction if, at the same time, we assert that one is not liberally educated without having some knowledge of science? If this knowledge is to have "everyday" significance, it cannot be fragmented or divided into isolated compartments. So it is with art: we must not make extractions which deny its cohesiveness. In the college's environment of disciplined learning is the place of the literary magazine not, then, self-evident?

M.J.T.

Letter From India

The University Guest House
Annamalai University
Annamalainagar
Madras State
South India
September 17, 1963

Dear *Queens,*

As your campus comes alive with joyous cries of reunion, patient, unloading fathers, dazed freshmen being oriented, and tortuous details of registration, I am sitting thinking about you on a white veranda on the other side of the world. The hot breeze is blowing through the curly-leaved neem tree beside me; that flash of green was a parrot flying from it; the woodpecker here has a yellow back, and the grey crows say *"Crore, crore, crore!"* On the road below me the men students are dashing by on bicycles, cleverly keeping their long, white, skirt-like dhotis from getting caught in the wheels. Three village women are coming toward me with huge, shining brass water jars balanced serenely on their heads; the fourth has a load of wood on hers, and I stare in protesting wonder at her slender neck. Their saris are drenched greens and purples and a smoldering red. That clopping is made by the hooves of the white bullock with curved horns, smartly trotting, pulling a gaily painted, covered cart with two great wheels; the driver, in a loin cloth, squats at the front, shouting *"Hai!"* with whip dramatically raised. I catch a glimpse of the occupant at the back, a lovely, graceful girl with her silks tucked about her as she sits on the floor of the cart, her long, dark braid of hair swinging. (This is the only form of public transportation we have between our university and the town of Chidambaram, two miles away, or in that town of 35,000.) From the Music College next door floats the husky sound of a vina, with its subtle contrapuntal chromatics; but I am more fascinated, today and

every day, by the processes of oral transmission going on in the back yard. The servants are pounding spices, or just sitting, and as always they are singing. Now I know why the old English and Scottish ballads did not die out in the Appalachians. Over and over and over the one who knows the song repeats the melody, and over and over the eager learners practise it. Bit by bit the song is built, with all the processes of refrain, of incremental repetition, of theme and variation which I know about from Child and Leach. These singers, however, must learn not only to sing but to quaver, in the inimitable way of Tamil music, which expresses at once sadness, longing, and an infinite, patient endurance. The mellow fragrance of white jasmine flowers makes me look around. They loop in garlands across the backs of the heads of two little girls, who have come again, on tiptoe, just to look at me with their brilliant eyes. They wear jacket blouses and full skirts down to their small bare feet; their arms clink with bangles, their earrings are golden, and a diamond gleams in the side of the nose of one of them. They say, "Good mor-*neeng*!" and break into immoderate giggles when I answer them; they will stand there as long as I will let them, gazing utterly unwinking at this creature from another world.

We came here through a secret country, over clouds and under clouds. The Atlantic Ocean must have lain below, but we were bounded by soft, drifting pillars of vast magnificence. Descent on Paris and on Rome, flight through clear air over the Bay of Naples, and we were coming down, slicing the violet twilight, into Athens, white between her mountains and her azure sea. I had thought myself unshakably a seafarer; yet this flying is a way of sailing, also.

It was well imagined to choose Greece for our one point of alighting in this passage east, for here the West rose out of the East, and here begins for many of us our knowledge of the ancient world. We climb to the Acropolis as pilgrims but not as strangers, remembering Marathon, remembering Socrates, and standing upon its massive reality as a child leans against his grandfather. On our way to Delphi, we passed the place, already known to us, "where three roads meet", and Oedipus set in motion a vast train of consequence when, in his anger, he killed the ancient man who blocked his path. Parnassus' height was rightly lost in mist, although we climbed the slopes with eagles overhead, and Helicon gleamed white across the valley. Alas, the oracle had fled; but the magnificence of her abode remained, the Castalian spring flowed pure out of the rock, and one blue finger of the Corinthian Gulf, far below, showed how the Greeks had come to her by sea. Yet Greece looked east as well as west, and this was stranger: icons and gold mosaics in small churches made me wish for home friends of the Byzantine tradition. Flight above the Isles, all coral on the brilliant sea—Samos, Andros, Delos, Patmos where St. John wrote in exile—brought us to Beirut, and there the East began, in white-robed Arab women squatting on benches, only their eyes gleaming out of purdah. Over the moonlit Desert of Arabia, over the Persian Gulf, until the great monsoon of India rose and tossed and drenched us, and we came down through it to Bombay.

Our India is the South; and, as at home, the South is regional, colorful, warm, steeped in tradition, creative, artistic, and suspicious of the rest of the nation. The Tamil speaking people among whom we live are of Dravidian stock, not Aryan. They were all around us. Since we have professed ourselves scholars, we do not lack for friends to guide us into the fascinating mythology expressed in intricate carving, for the ancient Tamil culture is held precious at Annamalai University.

This is a unitary teaching university, one of the few privately endowed, with a scholarly faculty doing excellent modern work in many departments. The Music College is famous. Annamalai is one of the centers of Tamiland, and the very sacred temple at Chidambaram is another, which enshrines the image of the god Nataraja, Lord of the Dance, who sports himself in the act of creation, having put evil under his feet. And, in a sense, we share in this community his elation and love of grace. When we enter a hall for a formal lecture, we are met at the door by smiling youths who give us sandalwood paste to rub on our hands, a flower for hair or buttonhole, and a sweet to suck. The speaker is presented with a vari-colored bouquet with a silver-tasseled lemon in the middle, and the meeting is begun and ended by two slender girls who sing a Tamil prayer.

Dr. Cumming and I, having given more lectures on more subjects than I care to mention, have been garlanded and feted in many ways. The friendship of our colleagues is warm and ready, and we are working hard. Dr. Cumming, as a Fulbright Lecturer, has been teaching American Literature, Elizabethan Poetry, and Modern English Fiction to graduate students ever since we arrived in early July; I have recently been appointed Visiting Professor of English by the University, have taken over some of the American Literature so that Dr. Cumming can teach Anglo-Saxon, and have been asked by the Vice-Chancellor to work intensively with young students in groups, to help them improve their understanding and ability in spoken English. The whole problem of English in India is complicated and controversial; but it is clear that the students are not getting the kind of English teaching in the schools that they had before Independence, and the dilemma of many of them, faced with a university course taught all in English, is acute.

It is characteristic of our Vice-Chancellor to deal firmly with a crisis. He is one of the great old men of India: he represented the nation in Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations; he built the great dam that helps to irrigate South India; he was almost assassinated for trying to keep Kerala State, which he was then ruling as Diwan of Travancore, out of the Indian Union. He is just back from lecturing on Hindu philosophy in West Germany, and he can quote more English poetry, more fluently, than I. He seems, under his Brahmin turban, a Renaissance man for many-sided knowledge; it is an experience to know him.

Constantly I talk about you to Indian girls. They are eager to know about you, and to send you greetings. There are about three hundred and fifty of them in this university of thirty-five thousand; they live in a compound of their own, and move about the campus in their rainbow saris quietly, grace-

fully, with lowered eyes. So conservative is this society that they may not walk or converse with a man on campus; in class they sit to one side, and if they must speak, it is with a struggle to overcome their shyness that is as difficult for us as for them. But on the playing fields, swinging badminton racquets, acting a melodrama on the stage, singing their Tamil songs, or chatting with me in their hostel, they become as lively and as free as you.

My former students will realize that I have not changed, although the face of life here is completely new to me, when I tell them that in a lecture at the library the other day, I asked my audience to start a list of *Books to Read Before I Die!* The next day I received from the village postmaster,—a small wizened Brahmin in a long white skirt, the front of his head shaved, his back hair held up with a hairpin, and a crescent on his forehead—a paper, headed: "Books to read before I die. Mrs. Cumming please suggest."

Devotedly yours,

Elizabeth C. Cumming

The Nagger

"It is morning, child.
I don't mean to nag.
I don't care which you choose, but you *must* choose . . .
Between your Gandhi and Khayyam,
Between the red geraniums on the brick walk
And the Negro with the bloody gash over his eye.
Will you refinish the Queen Anne chair,
Or heal the man in the immobile position
    Over in that dingy corner?
It is morning, child!
I don't mean to nag, but . . ."

—ANN ALDRICH

Megan

Jane Trivette

It was raining as we drove back that night—a night for strange feelings of eerie sadness that make you want to cry when you can't—and he, sitting beside me, seemed large and very far away in his ominous silence. I felt the cold quiet even inside me, as though maybe a big piece of my flesh was gone and the rain was blowing through my veins. Now and then he took a quick drag on his cigarette or drank from the can of beer he kept between his thighs.

"You see, you see how the rain breaks in a thousand directions just above your line of vision—like street lights through a night fog?"

The smile around his mouth that came sometimes when he was thinking wasn't there now—just a blank stare, like meeting your own eyes in a mirror, or the stare of the mentally ill, or the stare of death. I knew then that he had decided, and the knowledge seemed to be a dead thud, the weight of which never stops, and his very presence seemed heavy. Again I wanted to escape anywhere—into the wet, cold clean outside—but from out of this dim capsule going . . . where? How did we know the road wouldn't stop just over the hill? Somewhere in the depths of my mind a steel door clanged shut and I knew I was trapped. The song, the song, think about the song that skips so elusively about behind your eyes, leaving dusty cat tracks, the song whose end we never could remember—"*Shredney Vashtaw,* hummm . . ." Push the unreal "now" out, Megan. If only I could cry or scream the door might . . . no, we'd both be here still, he, dead already, having decided, and I perhaps half dying too.

We stopped, or were stopped; I wonder even now what force controlled the direction of our worlds that night. It was still raining as we walked separately away. What could never have been anyway was ended now, I knew, and, strangely, the "why" of this interlude was never asked. He had loved me, and I had loved his brother. Because I could not love, I had killed. What he had been was dead.

"Megan," hoarsely,—then again, "Megan." In the clear wet light he seemed to be an apparition. "Don't look in mirrors, Megan." And, "When you write, say what no man will remember."

He turned, and I heard no steps as he walked away.

The Old World Of Vienna

Chris Safford

After living and studying for a year in Vienna, I was filled with awe when I returned to dormitory life at *Queens*. How fortunate we are to have so very much right here on this small campus! I sat in my room in Harris Hall and looked around at the closets, the drawers, the full-length mirrors, all the lights I could turn on, the *automatic* heat ventilator, the buzzers for the intercom system. And I could walk down the hall to take a hot bath or shower any time I wanted, except after midnight. How comfortable a student's life is here—almost too comfortable! We would be horrified if we didn't have all these material things. Other American colleges and universities provide for their students the same comforts; they're expected to! After all, we pay for them, even if we don't appreciate them. Everything possible is given to us: an upperclassman assigned to each freshman to make her feel at home; faculty advisors to help us plan our programs of study and to guide us; concerned and interested professors.

And yet there is a constant desire and need for improvement and perfection of existing systems, policies, and organizations in college. Students complain. If there is sufficient dissatisfaction, student groups discuss and analyze problems, in an organized way; ask faculty members what they think, decide on solutions, present their ideas to the administration, and *hope* for a change. We must improve the present situation. We *can* have a more unified, better academic community. We work together to change what we know can be changed, to improve what we know can be improved. This is America!

At the University of Vienna, tradition rather than progress through experimentation is the main concern. Therefore the student's life is entirely different from the one we, as Americans, know. The Viennese student is not an integrated part of a university community whose members are concerned with living and working together. In America, team sports are encouraged; dormitory and fraternity-house life is supported. The university as well as the grammar and high schools, want students to learn to play, live and act with fellow students, fellow men. But at the University of Vienna there are no dormitories, no college weekends, no intercollegiate soccer or basketball games. The student is an independent individual, placed under no restrictions by the university. Since no dormitories are provided, the student finds for himself an inexpensive room, perhaps with a family, or in one of the several independently owned student boardinghouses in the city. Yet, the students, too, respect tradition. The boys wear coats and ties, the girls nylons and heels, every day to classes. In the spring and summer, a popular outfit, even in center city,

is the dirndl, the Austrian national costume. However, the students do retain their individuality in dressing, and wear all styles of clothes. There's no madras, no obvious, conformed way of dressing that's "in".

Viennese students rebel too. One morning, thousands of students marched around the Ring, the main city street. They carried posters and banners, blocked traffic and held up streetcars and buses; they wanted better laboratory facilities in the science department.

The University itself consists of one enormous old stone building with many courtyards connecting various sections and wings. The inside is cold and gray and dull, with high ceilings and poor lighting. The lecture rooms contain rows of wooden benches and desks, and the professor stands or sits behind a lectern on a platform. The students are aways seated a few minutes before the professor enters the lecture room. For a good lecture, they may have been standing in line several hours to get a seat, but they all rise when the professor enters the room, and remain standing until he has taken his place behind the lectern. At the end of each lecture, the students express either their approval, by knocking on the desks, or their disapproval, by whistling and hissing.

The first university lecture I attended was held in the largest auditorium in the building. The rows and rows of wooden benches in the main hall and balcony held about three thousand students. I was completely overwhelmed! Although I had thought I could understand German, and although the professor spoke through a microphone, his mumbled words sounded like Greek to me. How frustrating! Not only could I not understand him, but I couldn't even see him, except for the very top of his little bald head sticking up from behind the lectern! After giving up my attempt to decipher his lecture, I glanced around the auditorium, where most of the students were industriously taking notes, or at least listening attentively, although a few were listening halfheartedly. One was eating lunch, another was reading a newspaper, and the boy in front of me was reading poetry. Yet it didn't matter. Each student is an independent individual, responsible for himself. He receives no advice from a faculty advisor about what courses he ought to take; he does not *have* to attend lectures; he is not told to read so many pages in such and such a book by Friday; he is not given a quiz to make sure that he has read them. At the beginning of a semester, a professor may recommend a bibliography of about fifty or sixty books, and at the end of each lecture he may mention the next subject he will take up. Yet no one forces the student to do anything, and no one cares whether he does it or not. It is merely assumed that he will. He is a student enrolled at the university to attend lectures, to study, to learn, to pursue a certain subject. Usually, he does, and if he does not, he fails the exams. Whether he sinks or swims is left entirely up to him.

While living in Vienna for about nine of the eleven months I spent in Europe, I gained a deep understanding and love of my second home. At the end of our stay, we Americans could smile at certain peculiarities of the Viennese which we had criticized harshly at the beginning; we could understand their way of life, which had been so easy to complain about. I now considered myself almost as much of a Viennese as an American. In fact, in the late spring when hundreds of American tourists arrived in Vienna, I was insulted because these foreigners were invading *my* city!

The one and a half million inhabitants of Vienna prefer to call themselves Viennese rather than Austrians. Even though they love their country, they realize that Austria is a small, insignificant part of Europe today, and they, as Viennese, want to be associated with their city's past glory in the time of the Habsburg monarchy. They cling to their past grandeur to the point where the ball season is the social highlight of each year. Women in their exquisite, long gowns, and men in frock coats, waltz breathlessly around the splendid palace

ballrooms night after night . . . often so late that some men go to work the next morning in their evening finery, because there wasn't time to go home and change.

The Viennese cling to tradition so much that they will not support a modern opera like *Pellias and Melisande,* by Debussy, although they fight and push like madmen at box office opening time, to secure tickets for a Wagner opera, or *Tosca,* or *Aida.* The one or two elegant coffeehouses with sparkling chandeliers, large mirrors and white marble tables, are charming, but stick out like sore thumbs among the other cozy or comfortably spacious ones. The magnificent, graceful Lippizaner horses, which perform to Strauss waltzes in a gorgeous hall in the Spanish Riding School, are another treasured tradition.

I lived with a wonderful Viennese family in an apartment on the fourth floor, ninety-six steps up, of an ancient building in the middle of the city. My room was small but delightful, with a cuckoo clock which didn't work, many German Hummel figures, several small oil paintings of the Austrian countryside framed with wide wooden panels, and of course, a little stove, in which I built a fire with paper and wood and coal every evening to heat the room. In the fall and spring when my windows were not frozen shut, one of my favorite pastimes was sitting on my window sill late at night and looking down at the streetcars rumbling by, and the drunks staggering around.

My family was a very typical middle-class Viennese family. They had a grand piano rather than a car; they usually drank wine or beer with dinner; they enjoyed listening to the classical music and operas broadcast on the radio; they went to a coffeehouse whenever they wanted to watch television; they enjoyed Sunday afternoon walks in the city park. They complained all too freely about things that didn't please them, yet they themselves procrastinated about doing necessary things until the very last minute. They entertained only relatives and a few very close friends in their apartment; yet I could have any of my friends over, as long as they were students. They were so practical that the door to every room had to be closed all the time so that the hinges wouldn't have too much pressure on them. When my family came home, they faithfully locked the apartment door with a key from the inside, even though there was no knob outside, and therefore no possible way, for anyone without the two necessary keys, to get in. They decorated their Christmas tree two days earlier than usual because I was leaving for a ski trip and they wanted me to feel a part of their Christmas. They could and would cry and laugh in the same breath, and they could appear happy although they were sad inside.

The attitudes and manners of the Viennese puzzled me for quite a while. Yet the collapse of the Habsburg monarchy, Hitler's conquest of Vienna, the destruction caused by two world wars, the division of the city into four zones after World War II, and particularly the Russian occupation in one of these zones until 1955, have profoundly affected all the Viennese. They love their country, long for the Vienna of the past . . . yet have no hope. Austria's neutrality represents to me the people's desire to abstain, to live passively and to remain as they are. It's very interesting and perhaps relevant that Vienna has the highest suicide rate in the world,—and one of the lowest crime rates.

Before I left for Europe, many people warned me that Vienna is a dead city, and after only a short time there, I realized the validity of this statement. The majority of restaurants, coffeehouses and beer kellers close at ten, eleven, or at the very latest by midnight. Any reconstruction or repair projects which could be interpreted as signs of progress usually require so much time that they are manifestations of laziness and passivity instead. The workmen always seem to be taking a break to have a beer! On the streets, the Viennese stroll along as if without a care in the world, and completely oblivious to the seconds, hours and years, ticking uncontrollably by. Vienna *is* a dead city compared to

New York, where a quick, progressive pace is powerful and overwhelming. Yet Vienna is a living city in its own way, culturally and historically living, especially for me, an American. To obtain a standing place for *Tosca,* conducted by van Karajan, I stood in line outside the opera house for fourteen hours, all night. Several hundred Viennese, young and old, all equipped with bread and cheese and a good book, did, too; some even had sleeping bags. Americans might do as much to see a World Series game,—but to see an *opera?*

I should like to say that I think Vienna's hope lies in her students. Because, for instance, they enthusiastically support not only the opera and concerts but also about twenty small student and experimental theaters which perform contemporary plays. They could lead Vienna out of her nostalgia for the past and into a hopeful, progressive tomorrow. However, too many young people leave their city to seek economic advancement elsewhere. Vienna will never again be the gay, lively, flourishing capital of Europe that it once was. Her days of wine and roses, ruffled full-length everyday dresses, pantaloons and parasols, youthful gaiety and elegant coffeehouses, are, in reality, gone forever. Traces of this spirit remain and always will; they are as clear and enchanting as the twinkle in the eyes of an old man who has lived an active, productive, vivacious, but exhausting life. Yet the traces are too few in number to represent completely the wonderfulness of the past, and at the same time too firmly impressed to let it be forgotten.

What do all these things mean . . . a traditional university, a student who is an independent individual with complete freedom, a broken cuckoo clock which was not fixed in eleven months, a little room overlooking city streets, candy shops and drunks, people who want to forget bombs, Hitler, suffering, and try to do so by living in the past because they think there's no hope for the future? These things are interesting to hear about, but so what? Differences in way of life, environment, circumstance, and age? For me, there's more. All these attitudes, experiences, and feelings are a part of me and a part of my past. Yet how can I explain what it means to have sat on a wooden bench in a foreign university; to have been told by a Viennese student that it was an American bomb that destroyed his opera house; to have laughed and sung with Austrian students over glasses of wine in a cave-like cellar; to have danced in a ballroom with pink marble walls and sparkling chandeliers; to have stood in line for hours to hear an opera or concert; to have seen tears in the eyes of Werner, my Austrian brother, when I left, and really to have felt a little of the magnificent splendor of a dying city's past? And now to be back at *Queens* . . . as a part of a progressive, ever-striving, powerful country which is young, alive, and whose people, as they live and act today, look forward to tomorrow?

Memory Of Kubla Khan

or

(Lines composed a few feet above Diana courtyard while scrubbing beakers in the chemistry lab.)

In Mogul of the melted mountains,
Where the fiery rocks burst free,
There lies a land of ice-made fountains
That gleam in the sun that streams in the air
    And fills the fair princess with glee.
To the Princess Tahnli in her castle of light
The wind sang a dream of life from the sea
And a lone shining dove drew a line of pure white
From the rim of the sun to a leaf of a tree.
A snow-fed stream twisted down from the height
And tumbled to rest in a pool of delight.
Blythe spirits and godlets dwelt all through the land,
And played where they wist, and could no demon hear.
From the blue of the sea to the white desert sand
They were ten thousand strong and had nothing to fear,
Not the silver wolf's scream, nor a haunted moonbeam.
But one place, just one place, they fled in a fright
Whenever their path chanced upon it at night.
    There dwelt spirits of ghosts,
    Ghouls, and demons betrayed to the
    Wiles of the Great One, their host.
All around with a rushing motion
The wind dispersed a fairy's potion,
Casting a spell o'er land and ocean.

I saw a youth with shining hair
Making a statue. Wondrous fair
It was to behold, made of enchanted white gold.
Were that statue but mine I should have command
Over spirits and demons, with power untold
To perform my desires, from least to most grand.
But the land of Tahnli I'll nevermore see;
There the youth and the princess must dwell without me.
And if you should stumble upon that fair place,
Be warned! Keep a charm in front of your face.
For the food, the drink, the very air
Of that thrice-circled land is celestial fare.

—LOUISE GITTINGS

Voices

She has listened to their voices
low in the rooms at midnight
and crept darkly into the hall
to hear them better,
keeping close to the wall as
something to stand back against
if need be. But only the moonlight
splinters here, through one window
at the end; and the trees
outside are no more ghostly
than any others you or I have seen.

Let us not watch her then.
This night is something
we know little of; we know
enough to make us strangers,
to let us walk within
some unnamed womb,
so that we fear for breath.
When morning comes we
claim it. Till then we sleep
or try to sleep, and do not
know what night we're
from, or where it ends.

—SHERYL OWENS

Ergo Sum

The marsh grass waves its rounded stems,
The sea oats bend,
Singularly harsh the reeds.
Images grow vivid,
René Descartes conceived
Existence in this step-by-step
Concise (a series of reflections)
Fashion. Heelprints coming toward me
In the sand which white and smooth
Behind me leaves
This series of incisive policies.

—PAUL B. NEWMAN

The Half-Prince

I did not know you when you touched my hair;
Alone in the dark floral field we walked,
Our shadows drawn by slight illumined stars;
We stopped to talk and listen to each other
And did not feel the humid night turn misty.
Initial purity transcended past and future.
In the spring of our closeness
We reveled in each other's quick uniqueness,
Forgetting about the summer that was to come.

—ANNE COOKE

Unredeemed

Mette Petersen

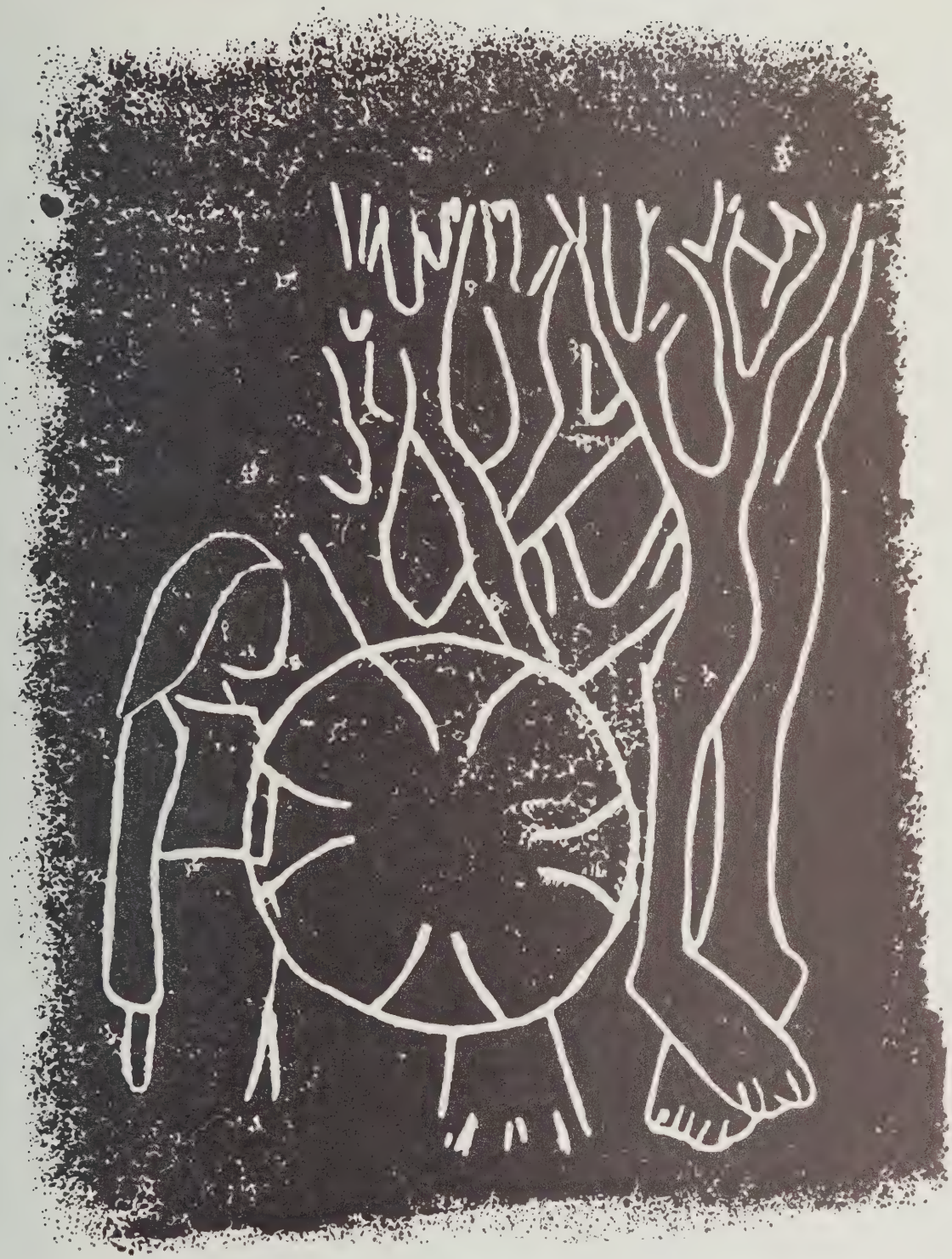
Senses
are quietly paralyzed;
seriousness pierces
marrow and bones,
leaving bright
red traces
of murder and violence
from the past:
anxiousness
is happiness of pang.

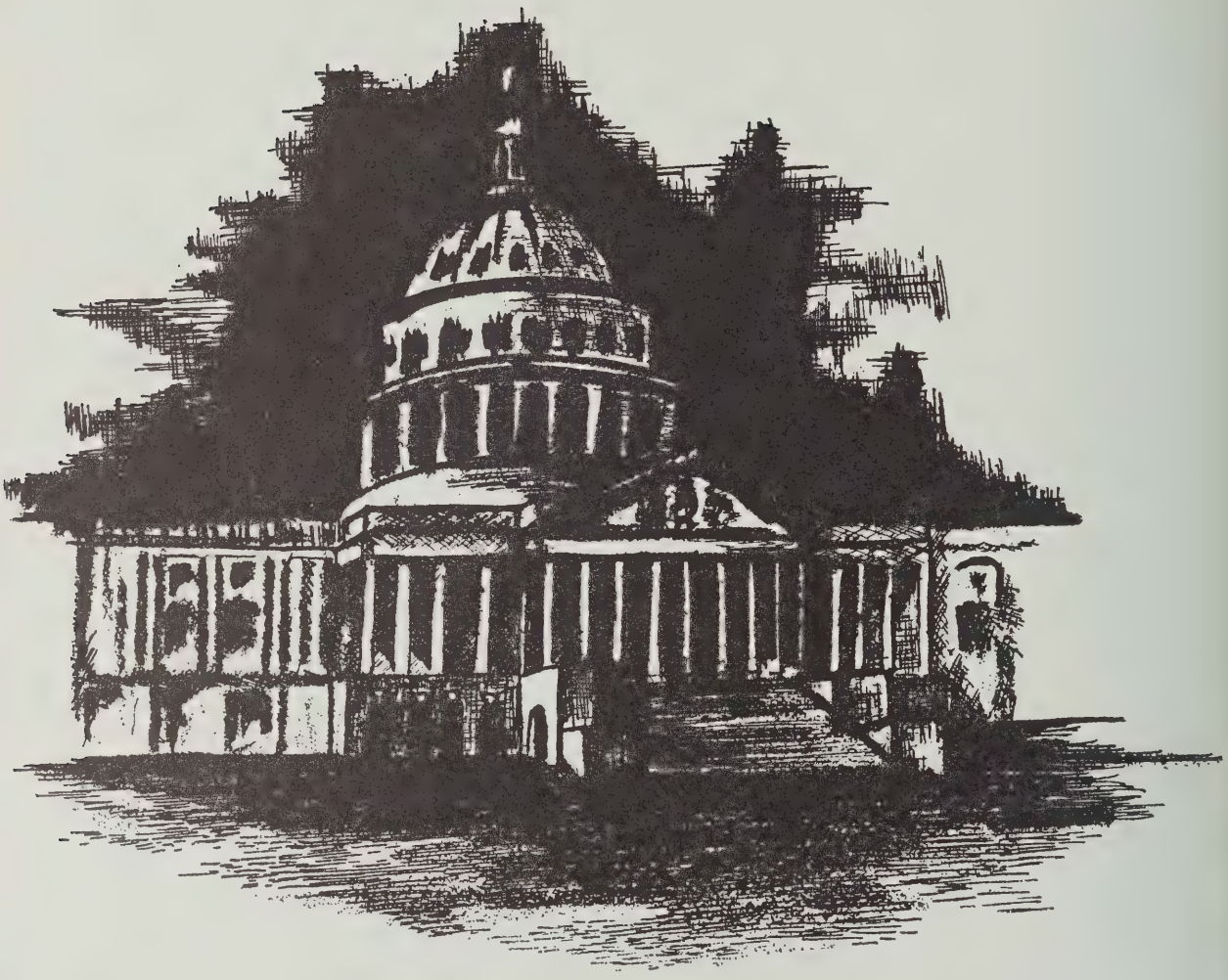
Seriousness in life
is still increasing
for eternity;
it settles down
heavily
on leaves and branches,
on heads and hands,
stifles trust
and nourishes doubt
in the frightened,
the uproared mind.

From myth of man
instinct and god
hoarfrost moistens
the tongue,
signet of truth;
the hope
throws itself into the fire
tries to get out
through the stifling rain.

Paths of seriousness
are covered by the oppressing.

Dull-tonedly the sky
vaults
over the heave
of silence.





Washington Encounters

Martha Watson

MIKE

I had been awake at least five seconds on that dreadful day before my stomach clutched, in a now familiar fashion, and my feet and hands turned icy beneath the covers. I had been going through this routine with increasing frequency and intensity for almost three weeks now . . . but this was the climax—the worst yet—this was *the* day that Mike, my intended, from the Kansas wheat fields, arrived at my home to spend the Thanksgiving vacation with me and my family. So I lay there in bed, shivering, and tried to remember how Mike ever managed to wangle this invitation out of me. I must have been temporarily out of my mind, I decided, and moaned softly to myself.

The family had never even seen a picture of Mike, and he was equally unfamiliar with them. Of course I had enjoyed my middleman role to the hilt, and, knowing both sides so well, had spread the virtues and the vices of each faction thick on the other. After finally accepting the idea that Mike was really coming home with me, I talked with him for hours about my unusual Mother and my singular sister, trying to prepare him for what I had privately labeled "the ordeal". He never failed to listen with great attentiveness, and even enthusiasm, to my long-winded tales of Jessie and Ellen Gray, and always ended such discussions with a reassuring "I love them already!" Ha! I thought to myself, as I rolled out of bed, wincing at the thought of his cheerful determination that we would all get along so beautifully. And since I was anything but optimistic about the entire venture, I sat back on the bed to multiply out the number of hours in three days—the length of the visit.

I was interrupted by the entrance of my twenty-three-year-old sister, Ellen Gray, Ellen to home folks, Gray to her sophisticated college and bachelor

friends. She asked what time Mike-baby was coming, and announced that she would not be there. I announced right back that she had jolly well *better* be there, or we were through forever. With a pained expression on her sun-tanned face she turned her right thumb down toward the floor, like Nero at the Olympic games, and said for the tenth time in two hours, "Beauty, I'm putting the quietus on this baby *right now*. Nobody with long black curly hair and a motorcycle is getting into *this* family!" I cursed myself for ever telling her anything about Mike. The above facts were the only ones she had bothered to remember, and they were his only faults—to my star-dazed eyes. Just then mother came in from the grocery store and said that she'd told everyone she had seen to come over and look at Molly's beau, and that—too bad—the curtains for the front bedroom—Mike's—would not be here until Christmas. I was appalled at this double tragedy, but didn't have the strength to protest. Gray laughed and left the room.

Mike arrived an hour early, driving right up to the house, bold as brass, and, in response to a sudden rush of respect and affection for his iron nerve, I ran out of the house to meet him. He got out of the car successfully enough, and seemed calm and self-assured, but then I saw his eyes and realized that he was terrified. Taking the initiative, I smiled with great, feigned confidence at my intended, took him by the hand and led him into the house. Mother had disappeared into the kitchen with a neighbor, and Ellen, not taking her duties as reception committee with any of the enthusiasm or seriousness that the job demanded, was eating a peach. She did look up as we came in, but began to stare as we approached. I made the necessary introductions, and listened, horrified, as Mike tried to say something. I think that he was trying to tell us something about the windshield wipers on his car, but it kept coming out "wipershield, wind-wipers", and other such garble, and finally he gave up and lapsed into silence. Ellen put down the peach and asked Mike if he played bridge. He didn't. I called for Mother in a voice shrill with anxiety, and she rose to the occasion by giving Mike a hug and declaring him the most handsome boy she'd ever seen in her life. Mike responded to her enthusiasm with his first intelligible sentence, and everyone relaxed.

The first two days, forty-eight of the seventy-two hours, passed quickly enough, and were on the surface pleasant, except for a few tense moments. People were always in the house, looking at Mike, and more often than not I was pushed to the kitchen to make coffee, leaving Mike to listen to home-town tales by the dozen. A high school boy friend showed up from nowhere, swept me into his arms and demanded a date. By the time I had untangled myself from his clutches, Mike was standing behind us, and I timorously began the introductions. The old flame was obviously not after good conversation, as he left right after a "How do you do?"

Saturday night, driving home from a party in Charlotte, I was a physical and mental wreck. Nervous tension, and the determination to see this perfect-hostess bit through to the bitter end, had resulted in a stream of chatter about absolutely nothing all the way home. Finally Mike looked at me sympathetically and said, "Why don't you relax?"

"Relax!" I exclaimed shrilly. "Who's tense?"

With the ingratiating air of the calmest person in the world, he replied, "You don't have to get excited about it."

"Who's excited?" I screamed, banging the car door and running into the house. I answered Mother's query of "Where *is* the dear boy?" with an "I don't know and I care less!" and slammed into my bedroom. It took one hour of tears and nine of sleep to restore my sense of well-being, but by morning I was ready to shoulder the burden again. You cannot imagine my joy when I emerged from the bedroom and beheld that sweet Mike carrying his bags and mine to the car, shouting over his shoulder that we were leaving for school in twenty minutes, four hours ahead of schedule.

As we pulled away from the Watson house and the grinning and waving Jessie and Ellen Gray, I felt like a new woman. For at least two minutes I knew peace of mind, and then that wretched Mike had the smallness of soul to announce, with the biggest grin ever, that he and Mother had decided that for Christmas I would go to Kansas and meet *his* family and friends—for two weeks! I nodded, and even smiled weakly as I reached for a pen and paper . . . I could never have figured out fourteen times twenty-four in my head.

SWEET WILLIAM

Sweet William Burge was majestically drunk. Smiling slow and easy at anything that moved, he strolled down the aisle of the school cafeteria with long, ambling strides, moving on slightly bowed legs that hinted of his Texas origin. Pausing by the artificial plants that separated him from the eating area, he parted the dusty green fronds and poked his head through, looking over the crowd that had already gathered for supper. His thickly lashed eyelids hung lazily at half mast, as if unable to choose between going up or

down. A piece of long black hair had slipped out of its usual carefully combed place and had fallen over his forehead.

"Ah," he breathed, softly, as his eyes fell on Molly and Sue in the far corner of the room, and without the slightest hesitation or backward glance, he climbed through the plants and tiptoed across the floor.

Sue saw him coming through the crowd and raised her eyebrows at Molly, motioning at the same time behind her and mouthing, "Bill!" But if Molly understood, she gave no indication except to let the corners of her mouth droop a little lower. She was staring at her coffee, stirring it morosely from time to time, but mostly just staring. Reaching her chair Bill wrapped his long arms around her shoulders and whispered, *"Molly . . ."* in a husky tone. She wrinkled her nose at the strong odor that had surrounded her name, and said nothing. Grinning, he pulled her around, and then, seeing her face, released her and sat down exclaiming, "What in hell is the matter with *you*?" Sue shook her head at him, but he ignored her, saying, "You look like somebody's poured sour milk down you, Molly! Damn it—who did it? Take those glasses off—you look terrible!"

Molly glared at him—"You're drunk, Bill—go away and leave me alone."

"I-am-not-*drunk*," he replied indignantly, "but I have been *drinking*—if that's what you mean. Why haven't you tried it? It's the best thing in the world for a broken heart!"

Molly looked at him quickly, and blinked to keep the tears back. Sue kicked him under the table, but he continued, "What the hell if Mike *is* dating Brenda? He's a fool, and everybody knows it. Forget him. You've only got one more week to be in Washington! Don't waste it on *that* lout!"

Suddenly Molly pushed back her chair and ran out of the room. Bill turned to Sue and said with puzzled profundity, "Obviously, I have done something wrong."

"Obviously," Sue echoed coldly, and went after Molly.

The next day a sober Sweet William fell into step with Molly on the way to seminar, and, after apologizing, asked her out to dinner. She accepted the apology, but shook her head sadly over his invitation, sighing, martyr-like, "Bill, I don't want to date."

"What in hell *do* you want?"

"Well . . . I want to be in love."

Bill laughed, and said easily, "O.K., you can be in love with *me!* When would you like to start?"

"Bill, it just doesn't work that way."

"Why not?"

"It takes time, lots of time to fall in love. And besides . . . ." She paused.

"Besides what? Molly, we're young, attractive, intelligent—we'd make a great looking couple, we're compatible, make good conversation, I'm taller than you are, you're younger than I am. We're both from the South, and as for time, when do you finish exams?"

"Wednesday night."

"So do I. When are you going home?"

"Thursday night."

"Molly,—we have one whole day to be in love! What more could you ask for?"

Molly smiled, and then frowned. "Bill, you're crazy! Do you think you could be faithful and sober a whole day?"

"Mah word of honor!"

"Could we go sightseeing, Bill? There're so many things I haven't seen! That's what I *planned* to do."

"Sure,—me too."

A grin deepened Molly's dimples for the first time in days. "Sweet William, I love you!"

"Not yet, not yet—not until Thursday. I'll have to do some reading before then, I guess. I don't know much about love. You're stuck with a novice—I haven't been in love since the eighth grade!"

"I've had enough experience for both of us," Molly laughed, and then became serious, remembering. Bill quickly suggested she make a list of where she'd like to go, and, when they parted, she was laughing again.

That Thursday will probably be remembered by Washington and the surrounding area as the day of the Big Fog. Molly got up at 7:00 A.M. to get ready to be in love and to sightsee, pulled the curtains to let the day in, and with an "Oh *no!*" contemplated the fuzzy grey wall that stood outside the window. Bill called up to say, "I love you but it's one hell of a day to go sightseeing!"—and then, "Darling, it's O.K.! We'll still go, if you'd like to. See you in ten minutes, and don't eat breakfast!"

In the lounge ten minutes later, he greeted her with two roses and a kiss on the cheek, asking, "Am I catching on?" He poked her gently to make her laugh, and whispered, "You aren't half trying!"

Molly nodded, and said determinedly, "Angel, here's my list."

Bill scanned it quickly, and replied, "Sweetie, I'm sorry but your list and mine don't jibe—I'm afraid you lose, Honey."

"But Angel," Molly started, and then demurred sweetly, "O.K., we'll go where *you* like."

"Damn, this is great, Molly! Why don't you stay over until tomorrow, and we'll get married?"

Watching Bill trying to find his way to Mount Vernon was the funniest thing Molly had seen all semester. They seemed to be constantly headed in the wrong direction, but he was so good-natured and funny about it that Molly was weak when they finally got to Washington's home. There was a surprisingly large number of tourists on such a nasty day, but Bill and Molly joined the lines to tour the house and gardens. The fight about how tall Washington was, was settled by a friendly guard who replied to Bill's ques-

tion, "Oh, he's a tall feller 'bout like yourself—Martha, though—she's a little thing, 'bout like your wife there," motioning at Molly.

"See, Darling—it's obvious to everyone!" Bill whispered. "We're a natural couple."

"You *are* an idiot, Angel," Molly returned, and was suddenly conscious that she hadn't thought about Mike for two hours. She frowned slightly, remembering, but Bill steered her onto the lake path just then, and started talking about their children. He bought something in the gift shop, but wouldn't let her see it—holding it behind his back and saying, "Darling,—don't grab! It's not for you!" Molly was strangely piqued by the thought of some girl of Sweet William's back home, but took his arm with a respectful, "Whatever you say, dear."

Finding Annapolis through the fog and oncoming dusk was a miracle that Bill somehow managed. He and Molly walked slowly hand in hand along the dock and were silent. There didn't seem to be a need for laughter, or words. The water laughed for them, slapping the dock, and the fog made the silence full. They were quiet over dinner, too. Molly had suddenly realized that in three hours she would be leaving Washington and not coming back. As they entered the city and drove through it to American University, they passed the Capitol, the Library of Congress, the White House, the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, and the Potomac. Molly was sad almost to sickness that it was all over for her, and Washington was no longer her city—except in memory.

Leaving the dorm and the friends that were still there increased Molly's melancholy, as did the phone message from Mike to call him before she left. Molly threw the note in Marian's trash can—poignantly aware that her memories, that were still reality, were closing in on her. It was time to go home.

Sweet William found the train station in a remarkably short time. The fog had lifted some, and without asking Molly's opinion or desire, checked her bags and took her to the Capitol. Molly stood on its front balcony, watching the beacon flash from the top of the Washington Monument, exhilarated by the cold wind, the white lights in her face, and the power and glory of the building on which she stood, and what it represented. She returned Bill's hug, saying, "I'd sure hate to be here with someone I wasn't in love with! Thank you, Sweet William, for a beautiful last day. I've loved being in love with you."

Right before her train left, he pressed the package from Mt. Vernon into her hand and kissed her briefly on the forehead. "I love you, Molly," he whispered . . . and then laughed, "I can say it pretty well now,—can't I?" They looked at each other across the cold and through the steam, and they didn't speak. But trains don't wait for meaningful looks to turn into words.

Molly's train started to move before the words were spoken. From her seat, she watched Bill's face illuminated by the match he struck—until it went out, and she was alone again and going away. She opened her package, and, girl-

like, began to cry as she saw flower seed packets from the Mt. Vernon Gardens: one of Sweet Williams, and the other of Forget-Me-Nots.

ROGER

"O.K. Marion. What's so funny?"

Marion looked up, the smirk on her face rapidly disappearing as she saw me watching her, scowling from the mirror as I combed my hair. She shook her head and raised her eyebrows in exaggerated innocence, replying, "Nothing . . ." and then she giggled.

By the time I had thrown all the pillows in the room at her, her laughter had reached a full boil. I threw a blanket over her head, but the laughter bubbled out from under it on all sides and followed me down the hall to the bathroom. I was brushing my teeth furiously when Janie came up to the sink beside me and asked her usual question as she unscrewed the top to her *Crest*. "Are you going out tonight?"

Nodding, I rinsed my mouth, anticipating her next question.

"Who're you dating?"

I waited until she had started brushing, and then answered, "Roger Murdock."

As she choked and grinned, I noted with satisfaction the tooothpaste that dropped between the pearl buttons of her blue blouse. "You are drooling!" I informed her coldly, and walked out.

Marion's laughter had subsided when I got back to the room, but her shoulders were still shaking weakly and she was still under the blanket. "Marion, come out from under there and help me. What am I going to do if he *doesn't come?*"

Marion lifted one corner of the blanket warily, and was no help at all. "Of course he'll come! Why shouldn't he?"

"Well, he hasn't spoken to me since he asked me, and that was two weeks ago."

"Get serious. You have class with him every day."

"I know, but he still hasn't spoken to me!"

"Are you sure it really happened? He really *asked* you for a date?"

Marion started laughing again, and this time, in spite of myself, I laughed with her—remembering that rainy miserable day when Roger came into my life. Previous encounters with him had been limited to an occasional "Hello. How're you?" before and after seminar. Roger wasn't big on conversation, and when he did talk he was hard to understand, as his deep, very resonant voice seemed to come straight from his rather large nose. He was a good-looking boy, tall and dignified in his horn-rimmed glasses, and with beautiful hands and grey-blue eyes that were usually watching something on the ceiling with acute interest as he answered, "Fine—how're *you*?" On this wet fall afternoon, Janie and I had decided to brave the elements to go to the Library of Congress and investigate their folk song collection. We had run down Pennsylvania Avenue in our high heels, looking for a friend with an umbrella. As we neared the bus stop I saw Roger's head above the crowd, and, remembering the big black umbrella that was constantly on his arm, rain or shine, ran up to him and tugged at his elbow.

"Roger, where's your umbrella?"

He looked down at me, his face dripping and his hair glued to his forehead. "At the Library of Congress," he replied gutturally, focusing in myopia on some distant object. He had taken his glasses off because of the rain, I guess, and I was suddenly aware of how very fine his eyes were.

"Is that where you're going?" I asked sweetly.

"Yes."

"Why, so are we!" I smiled.

Silence.

The big green D. C. Transit pulled up to the curb, splashing the eager, would-be riders with dirty water. I followed Roger up the steps and together we were pushed to the rear of the bus, separated from Janie by a mass of damp people. We had to stand, and it was so crowded I couldn't even lean my head back to look up at Roger. He, in turn, couldn't put his arm down to get his glasses, and for a while our conversation centered on how we were going to tell when to get off the bus. We forgot the problem after a few minutes, however, and discussed instead his home in South Dakota and mine in North Carolina. The bus was strangely quiet for having so many passengers, and soon Roger and I lapsed into silence too—but it was a comfortable silence, the kind that follows a satisfying communion. In the midst of all this rapport came Janie's voice from the front of the bus: "Molly, *Molly*, where are you? It's time to get off!"

The obliging crowd turned to look for Molly, smiling at each other.

"Here I am!" I answered, starting for the door. "Goodby, Roger!"

He grabbed my raincoat and mumbled an invitation to hear Miriam Makeba sing on November 3, at 7:30 P. M. Surprised, I thanked him and accepted, showing my dimples to no real purpose, as he was looking over my head at a bus card about the United Fund.

The next day I saw him in seminar and asked if he'd gotten his umbrella.

"Yes," he answered shortly in a lower than usual tone, blew his nose and walked away. He hasn't spoken to me since.

"Well, if he doesn't come by 7:45 you'll be safe," Marion offered.

"Safe from what?" I said testily. "I want to hear Makeba sing—and I *like* Roger."

Just then my buzzer rang, announcing a caller. It was exactly 7:30. I gave Marion a chilly "Goodby", and walked up the steps. Caroline and Beth were coming down too, and observing my heels and dress, tittered, "Are you going out with Roger?"

"Yes." I ignored their grins. "Is he here?"

"He's *here*—all dressed up and with his umbrella too," they chortled.

Roger greeted me with a nod as I came into the lounge, and then he turned, silently, and walked toward the door. I assumed that if I wanted to go I'd better follow, and so I did, catching up with him at the steps. He opened the door and we walked toward the parking lot, then *through* it and down the street, Roger determinedly hugging the inside position, me walking along on the outside wondering where in the world he'd parked the car. Suddenly he stopped—in front of the *bus stop,* and I realized that I had a new experience in store for me—dating on a bus.

Roger was watching the road intently, but I thought it was high time we began communicating, so I started with the weather. I offered a funny, if flippant remark, about people who carry umbrellas on clear nights. Then I made a mental note: No Sense of Humor. When the bus came Roger leaped up the steps ahead of me, paid the driver and sat down. I added Rude to the list, and sat down beside him.

"Miss—fare please! Miss?"

I looked from the bus driver to Roger to my empty hands and back at Roger. Finally I poked him and asked for a quarter. He looked at me incredulously, so I added, "I'll pay you back, Roger." This must have impressed him, as he blushed, and went up to deposit the twenty-five cents. I put STINGY on the list, in capital letters, and after a quick tally observed that Roger had just struck out. Three solid bad traits were too much to take in one person.

The trip downtown began in silence, not the comfortable kind that we had shared two weeks ago, but the kind that screams at you, "*Say* something!" so I did. "Do you believe that man is basically good?" "Ah-ha," I thought, as he started visably, "—maybe he's intellectual!"

"No."

"Why not?"

He shrugged his shoulders. Unconsciously I hauled out the mental notebook again and wrote down Cynical and Shallow. Roger was on his way to the showers . . . and the trip ended as it had begun, in silence.

As the bus came to the end of the line Roger bounded down the steps, and taking his usual inside position, started down the street so fast that

I was almost running to keep up with him. We walked/ran for two blocks, then stopped abruptly and ran back one block, turned left and ran down two more blocks, back to the right, and down another block. We were in territory that was completely unfamiliar to me, and obviously to Roger as well, for after checking his watch we started back the way we came. For ten minutes we literally ran around town looking for the theater. All at once we were back at the bus stop. I was exhausted, and even Roger, whom I had privately voted "Track man of the year," was a little winded from our cross-town trek that had led to nowhere. I saw by his watch that we were fifteen minutes late for the show, so I was ready to laugh at the absurdity of the whole thing, and forget it, when Roger looked straight into my eyes for the first time and burst out: "Molly, I'm sorry. I'm a terrible date. I know it. I don't have a car, and I've made you run all over town when I should have known where the place was! I looked, the other day, but now I've forgotten. I'm terrible; I know it. You could have come with someone else and had a good time. I ruined it. I know I did . . ." and then he added, "I've never even *been* on a date before!"

"Why, Roger!" I began slowly, really ashamed at my lack of understanding of this naive midwesterner who had honored me with his first invitation, —"it's all right; honest—I promise! I don't mind riding the bus, and I like to run when I'm not in heels. It's O.K. if we're late. I promise—I don't mind! I'll even make a supreme sacrifice and put my own glasses on to help you navigate. That's what I should have done in the first place. You have such nice eyes, Roger! You know, it's really kind of funny. Don't you think?" I smiled timorously, and then grinned as the tension went out of his face. He answered my grin with one of his own, and then we were laughing together. Standing there on the corner bus stop, we had communicated at last.

One Summer

Once when Katie was nine and I was eight
and we were at her house
in the afternoon after dishes were done,
we bounced down on her twin beds,
careful to keep our sneakers
off the spreads, and looked at
the head of a china doll
Katie's mother had kept since
she was eight or nine.
Katie handed it to me before I took it,
and then it was three pieces
of an old doll's head on the floor.

For awhile the summer wind
blew the white curtains farther
into the room, and the white flowers
on blue wallpaper came alive
and then went back to dead,
and the sunlight was there too,
spreading like syrup over my brown shorts and
brown and white shirt; and Katie
sat still. Then she
slid to the floor and walked out in the hall
to the top of the staircase
and called her mother.

When Mrs. Harrison came in and saw,
she only said "Katie, Katie," and cried
while I crept down the shaded stairs,
thinking I shouldn't go and shouldn't stay . . .
I stopped on one foot
on the bottom step,
hugging the last, tall post of the balustrade,
and then walked outdoors
hating the sunlight.

—SHERYL OWENS

Europe In Retrospect

LaVerne Brown

When I had finally decided to go to Vienna for a year, people approved the idea with such exclamations as, "What a marvelous experience and opportunity!" "Just living in Vienna will be an education in itself!" "I know this will be a wonderful year!" I very assuredly smiled, and agreed. But what did all these things mean? What was going to happen to me that would be so marvelous? Education? What would I learn? What was to be so different about living in Europe?

These questions I still cannot answer adequately because the "wonderfuls" of the opportunity are still coming to me. This learning experience, like so many others, assumes its greatest value much after the experience itself has been lived.

The first kinds of experiences we had were those which put us in direct contact with the people, giving us a chance to become absorbed in other cultures having their own way of life, historical background and idiosyncrasies.

Because there are many religious holidays and the vacations at the University of Vienna are long—the entire month of February for semester break—we were able to travel extensively. On one such occasion, four of us, two boys and two girls, laundry bags slung over our shoulders, set out to hitchhike to Berlin—almost nine hundred miles from Vienna. Jeff and I got a ride first, and were taken over one of the back roads which follow the Danube out of Austria into Germany. The mountains to our left were covered in autumn color, and across the river a long, black, smoking steam engine train kept pace with us. After two hours of beautiful countryside and sparse conversation the man stopped at a little house and insisted that we come in for lunch. We ate sandwiches and drank wine, and were reluctant to leave, but after many thank-you's and wishes for a good trip we were back on the small, one-lane road. We waited and waited and finally walked the fifteen kilometers across the border into the little town of Passau.

Our next ride was in an Esso gasoline truck heading for Nuremberg. The driver was very friendly and we all laughed, although Jeff and I couldn't understand a word he was saying. Sitting with our packs in our laps, we marveled that we were actually doing this! About ten-thirty that evening we finally jostled into Nuremberg, convinced the people in the guest house that we were *not* married, got two single rooms, and, after dinner, said goodnight.

Next morning we were up early, ate our stale rolls and jelly saved from the day before, and were out on the road by ten o'clock, de-

termined to get to Berlin before our friends did. After a long day of sleet, snow and five different riders, we crossed East Germany, beautiful, quiet, having no signs of human life, into West Berlin, twenty-five hours after leaving Vienna. Hitch-hiking was the least expensive, most enjoyable way to travel, because we could talk about and become acquainted with the ideas and opinions of the people we rode with.

There were other people, though, such as the shabby, unshaven hunchback who sold papers by the bus stop, droning repetitiously, "Express, Express!" I waited sometimes for twenty or thirty minutes; he would sell maybe four or five papers, each costing less than a nickel. There were the greying, astute, coffeehouse waiters, wearing tuxedos, who very quietly and politely served you beautiful pink pastry and Viennese coffee on silver trays, just as they had when Franz Joseph was Emperor. There were the patient, or not so patient, tram workers, who, with bored familiarity, would tell you you were on the wrong tram but not to worry: for twelve cents more, you could, in fifteen minutes, get a tram back to where you started from.

The dearest of all to me, though, was the family with whom my two roommates and I lived. Mama, as we called her, was short, plump and always smiling. Papa was huge, six feet three inches tall, red faced, and the most jovial man I know. He teased us about everything, but his favorite subject was how American women tell American men what to do. Günther, the oldest son, wanted very much to get married, but Papa very loudly at times said *"No!"*—not until he had finished his doctorate. Friedle, about twenty, blond and blue-eyed, was more interested in sailing and soccer than school. He helped us move trunks, use the telephone, and unstop the sink.

By our standards they had very little, and yet they shared what they had freely. We could have friends over any time; when it was too late for them to get a tram, a mattress was pulled out of the closet and they stayed for the night. If we missed a meal at the student dining room, there was always milk and pastry in the refrigerator. Mama cleaned each room and every afternoon built a fire so it would be warm when we came home. She served us tea when we studied late, and looked after colds and sniffles. They laughed at our seventh-grade German; they listened when we were sad or lonely; they cried in the summer when we left.

A second kind of experience was that which put us in direct contact with art,—the cultural events offered by the opera houses, concert halls, museums and theaters. Living in Vienna gives you an opportunity for first-hand acquaintance with some of the greatest conductors, singers, and orchestras of today. You are able to go to the opera any night for twenty cents; to stand and hear Birgit Nillson singing clearly in her rich, vibrant, soprano voice above the hundred-and-twenty-piece orchestra and the two hundred people singing on stage; to sit and listen as the three-hundred-member chorus and the Berlin Symphony quite literally make the chandeliers in the Concert House tremble in the musical crescendos of the "Dies Irae" of Verdi's *Requiem Mass.*

In Rome, we stood in St. Peter's Basilica late in the afternoon of Easter Sunday, and gazed at Michelangelo's "Pieta," serene, flowing, alive with passion, the masterpiece of a genius. In Paris I sat alone on a bridge over the Seine, looking at Notre Dame, grey, fringed by a wall covered in ivy, its stained glass windows brilliant in the late evening sun. In Greece we rode into Athens from a day at Corinth among the crumbling ruins of a once great temple, and saw the Acropolis rising out of a mass of roof tops, crowned by the still gleaming Parthenon, restrained, simple—a splendid example of Greek mastery. To see, to hear, to feel these beautiful things, is a part of learning that you will take home, remember, and enjoy repeatedly.

If you never enter a museum or an opera house; if you never talk to any of the people, there are still experiences from which you learn in spite of yourself, and yet, these are the

most difficult to convey. I could get off easily by giving a skyward glance, a sigh heavy with reminiscences, and say, "You'll just have to go to know what I mean." But I cannot stop without offering a warning, and it is in this warning that the "wonderfuls" of the experience sometimes come into question.

Living in Europe is, in one word, freedom—the most complete personal freedom I have ever known. But it is more than simply freedom; often it is the shock and more often the terrible tragedy of the conditions in which you find other human beings. At Christmas time in Vienna's orphanage, it was holding a small, quiet girl in my arms, a child who was left alone as a result of American bombs. It was watching Papa push forward on the edge of his chair, impatient with an eagerness to hear about a school for Friedle in America, a sincere yearning to give his son this opportunity; but no—not with only seventy-five dollars a week. It was leaving the dining room every night and passing a large woman, probably forty-five years old, in a squirrel coat, who stood by the post office waiting. Vienna is a city where prostitution is legal and women and girls line the streets every night, waiting. In Germany it was a sick, sad understanding as you stood watching a dust-covered East Berlin worker removing the broken destroyed bricks of a bombed building to a wheelbarrow with his *hands*. In Spain, it was seeing the inbred deformity of the cliff dwellers who live down an old road outside Barcelona. They still throw their grain in the air with their hands to remove the chaff. It was watching the fiercely beautiful bulls being hypnotized, stabbed, and finally slain for the thrill of a matador and the pleasure of a Sunday afternoon crowd. It was watching all the children of a Spanish village run to our bus, when we stopped for Cokes, screaming "Amercians!", "Americans!"; laughing and *daring* each other to reach out and touch you! In Czechoslovakia it was seeing, on that May Day in Prague, women all dressed similarly, standing hour after hour in bread lines. Some would be told after waiting an entire day, "Sorry, no more. Come back tomorrow."

It was walking down the streets of Vienna with your head high, knowing there was nothing in the world that could keep you from doing exactly what you were doing, because you were your own master, free to be and act as you chose. It was being one of one-hundred-twenty people from one-hundred-twenty places, together for a year—people you learned to like and love—people who afterwards would probably never see each other again. After five days aboard the *Queen Mary*, it was finally sighting the tall towers of New York City away in the distance of a foggy morning. New York—progress, power, selfishness, and arrogance.

It was being home, *home* after such a long time, home in the United States, hated, envied, respected by the people in Europe. It was being in your country and again being impatient with her self-righteousness and wastefulness; thankful for her determination and strength.

What did it all add up to? *Was* it a marvelous opportunity? *Did* I have a wonderful year, I wondered, as my daddy asked, "Verne, would you send your little girl?" There was so much cruelty, evil,—but also understanding and knowledge; it was a year unsheltered. "Yes, Daddy, I would."

Ephemeral

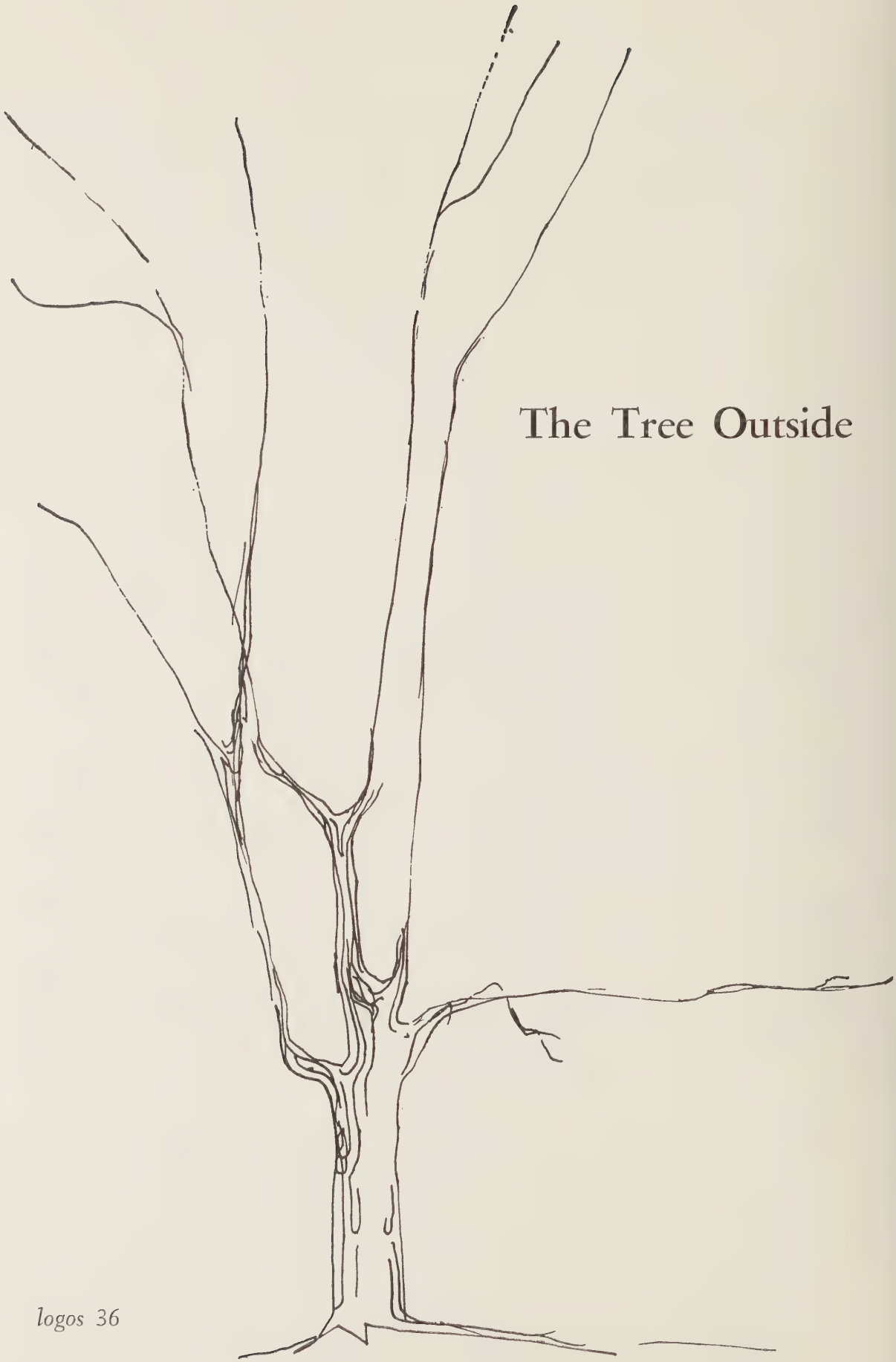
The confirming touch appeared to us.
Light and swift and free
We did not detain or try to possess
Such intricate sensitivity.

We spoke solemn thoughts and laughed and yelled;
The wind blew hard against me,
Speeding through a highway tunnel
In your old red-striped MG.

Fascinated by a room for rent,
Arched doors of wooded ornaments,
We shared intoxicating visions of
Medievalism and nonsense.

The Southland train at the pre-dawn hour
Screamed out against my ears,
Enhancing your eyes—intense,
That alleviated my tears.

—ANNE COOKE



The Tree Outside

A girl got drunk one night and climbed a tree
Outside the curtained windows where she'd played
At words with Jack and wondered if she lied
By being there; by seeming to agree
When Casey crowed, "All happy men are free!"
And, laughing, watched the usual couples slide
Across the floor. No matter what decade
It was, or that her name was Rosemary.

Up twenty feet of rough bark, and on a limb
That stretched above the eaves, she heard them call
Her down. Jerry took off for the fire alarm
And Sue yelled up while Mike ran after him:
"Rosie, come on inside where it's warm!" But all
She said that night was "No. There *is* no warm."

—SHERYL OWENS

Land of Contrast

Kent Anderson

India is a land of contrast. It would, therefore, be unfair for me to describe the overpowering poverty which I cannot forget, without also describing the strange beauty of that country. Possibly the most effective way to illustrate the contrast which is so evident there would be to describe two major cities—Calcutta, in the east, and Srinagar, Kashmir.

Calcutta is a metropolis of approximately six million people, the majority of whom are extremely poor. They eat, sleep, wash—in fact, virtually live and die on the streets or in small hovels. In Agra, I saw a man, apparently bobbing in the water, diving, I thought, for something beneath the surface. He was not. The man was dead and his mangled body was being torn apart and eaten by turtles. Yet no one seemed to notice. Whole families merely squat on a segment of the sidewalk; small children of seven or eight years carry infants on their backs; horns honk constantly at the holy cows which clutter Calcutta's main streets; lepers and holy men can be seen walking slowly, looking as if they are merely tolerating what must be tolerated.

The medical facilities in the Calcutta hospital are remarkable. There are three electron microscopes, one of which has instructions written in Russian which no one can read, and all of which are far too complicated for the staff to operate. There is only one electrical outlet in the operating room, so, if a tracheotomy, for example, is to be performed, it must be done in the dark in order that a suction pump can be plugged into the outlet instead of the lights. Calcutta's problems,—birth control, sanitation, ignorance and poverty,—are too basic for electron microscopes.

As I wandered through the area of the market near the Oberi Grand Hotel, I wondered how people could tolerate this kind of poverty. How could I stare into the eyes of a starving human being and yet live with my conscience? How could the rest of the world sit complacently and distantly away from it all? *Is* there an answer, or have these people perhaps found an answer I cannot understand?

Calcutta and Srinagar, Kashmir, are poles apart, if not geographically, at least in physical characteristics. Srinagar is located in the lake country of India near the Tiber River, and is separated from the rest of India by the Himalayas, so that it is, consequently, almost a different nation. The people there live in house boats, and by collecting seaweed, drying it and again floating it in the water, packing in dirt,

they actually cultivate the water (a crude form of hydroponics). The women wear bright clothes and large, heavy earrings which stretch their ear lobes nearly to their shoulders. Their little naked children swim in the canals which serve as Srinagar's highways. As we passed these small brown bodies, we could hear them screaming, "Good afternoon, Madam! I wish you happiness!" Of course, this was not said in English. The people of Kashmir were as hospitable as those we met anywhere. While we toured their country we lived on their houseboats, traveled by gondolas which they poled, and even smoked their quaint water pipes. They were openly friendly and trusting, and seemed to radiate a certain joy which I cannot even describe.

Yet the questions raised in Calcutta are still in my mind, though I do, more often now, remember to be thankful for American blessings, and seriously wonder what can be done—if anything, for India. One quotation from a commentary on Hinduism makes me reconsider my estimation of where the answer lies. Henry R. Luce expresses Hindu philosophy by saying, "Since the physical world is temporal, all our worldly desires are doomed to frustration and this frustration is the cause of all human suffering. Real peace can, therefore, be found only in the control of desire, by turning the mind to the one everlasting reality—God."[1]

Throughout the Orient one sees devastating poverty, but India seems to have more than her share. Nowhere else, except perhaps in Hong Kong, was I more deeply touched by what I saw, . . . and couldn't comprehend. This inconceivable destitution beside the almost gaudy beauty (as if the latter had been created to compensate for the former) made the most indelible impression on my mind. The material poverty is very real and people *are* hungry, but it would be unfair to assume that because our society is more technically progressive it produces more sensitive citizens than India's. It is so very difficult for an American to understand another culture, to understand by living inside the mind of Indians—even if only a moment. For this reason I cannot say the poverty in which they live makes their lives any less tolerable than ours. We find it much harder to reconcile the problems of other nations than those of our own country. India *is* making progress; she is not a land without hope. The future will be determined by the still unfulfilled potential of her populace.

[1]Henry R. Luce, "The Spirit of Hinduism," *The World's Great Religions* (New York, 1957), p. 11.

Youth

Youth is his own freedom,
Irresponsible to the past,
Daring to choose the moment.
He in coarse white ducks,
She with her hair unbound
Falling below her shoulders,
Not afraid to embrace
Hegel's Truth in one temper
Nietzsche's in another.
With the cunning hilarity of his cult,
He walks down Main Street
Barefoot,
On an April afternoon.
Desperate to resist the static,
He defies the stable . . .
Dropping out of school
In the midst of spring semester
To hitchhike to the peafields.

Idealism finds a haven
In the piercing purity
Of youth's impetus
Ardent,
Lustful,
Hot-tempered,
Shouting Civil Rights
To his Conservative Southland
That still cries, "Niggers!"

When love chooses youth,
Time pulsates with the moment.
In a queasy semi-consciousness
He shows what he knows of his being
To one grasping for it,
His joy too delicate,
Too immediate
To demand a future.

—ANNE COOKE

Peachtree Street: A Variegated Thread

Ann Aldrich

PROLOGUE

Peachtree Street is a union of the Atlantas . . . the old Atlanta with its water fountains designated Colored and White . . . the big city with its Saturday night stab wounds at the Grady Emergency Ward . . . the small town with its farm women wearing flat heels, in town for a day of shopping. It is the South with its Negro man in Levi's waiting for a Wheat Street trolley . . . executives lunching at Leb's. Peachtree Street *is* Atlanta—woven together in a variegated thread.

PEACHTREE AND FIFTEENTH STREETS

Atlanta, down around Peachtree and Fifteenth Streets, is best seen in early spring, to late summer, when the Southern sun beats down on the sparkling sidewalks and seemingly clears away all their imperfections. Any blemishes left over are shadowed by a few large oaks tradition wouldn't permit tearing down.

If you're standing here, you're probably "waiting on" a trolley, because no one except the doctors who drive to the Strickler Building in their red Mercedes or Jaguars uses an automobile to get out here. The modern, beige structure behind you is the museum of art. If you go inside you can see the

Kress Collection of Renaissance Paintings, and a collection of Atlantans contemplating them—probably a Candler or an Ivan Allen—those who were here before the Atlanta Renaissance,—for example, the woman in the grey shantung and sables peering at a Fra Angelico. And you will see those who came after—maybe a thin, bearded young man in an Army Surplus shirt. Across the street, as wide as your eyespan, is Atlanta at its sleek proudest: I.B.M., Remington Rand, Whittington Advertising, Retail Credit Company . . . all turquoise and silver, and muted by fountains.

Probably there's someone by you waiting for the same trolley—a widow, perhaps, in all her fading dark beauty—going home to her apartment at the Howell House. From the appearance of her brown paper sack with a yellow box of Motzo Meal showing at the top of it, you can tell she's been to the Nosh O'Rye Delicatessen.

Your Peachtree-Tenth Street trolley will come along soon, and even in your impatient moments of meditation you'll have seen Atlanta of the East Coast at its finest.

LENOX SQUARE

Far out Peachtree at Lenox Road, where four or five years ago the city of Atlanta seemed to end abruptly, is Lenox Square. Lenox, from the street, seems a huge experiment in cement, made into every conceivable shape, like modeling clay molded by a child. And it is where you will shop for anything, from a mahogany-cased fishing rod at John Jerrell's, to a madras shirtwaist at the Casual Corner, or a bag of popcorn at Kresge's dimestore. You will shop here—that is—if you're from North Atlanta, or if you're suburban and "with it", and if you can find a place to park among the 6,734 opportunities provided. Lenox is for summertime and disappears from September through May. Here you will wear your most casual culotte, or—if you're part of the Jewish elite or wish to be—your brightest pink shantung slacks and your thong sandals.

You will park your car about two city blocks from the nearest store and stare at the sign above, asking you to "Remember Green 14" which means you're in the designated area—so you can find your way back, afterward. Then you'll ride an outdoor escalator up to the main level, the mall, where you'll find yourself in a condensed Atlanta with branches of every big uptown store to entice you. There'll be Davison's with a two-story indoor colored fountain at the escalator, and Rich's with three separate departments of clothes for junior sizes, and F.A.O. Schwartz toys with a two hundred dollar stuffed tiger in the window.

Having bought the stockings you needed, or the sofa, or having just taken a window-shopping, people-dodging stroll for several hours, you'll stop by Walgreen's for a milkshake, and rest your eyes and feet for a while, where you may begin to realize that your town, in its hat and white gloves, has finally torn down its ante-bellum facade.

FORSYTHE STREET

If you chance to walk, not take the Shopper's, from Davison's Department Store to Rich's, you'll be on Forsythe Street, an extension of Peachtree. You'll be shaded from the sunlight by the buildings, much as oak trees shade you if they meet in summer over an old residential street, and you'll know from the smells and sounds and looks of things that you're in the city, the *big* city.

The massive white marble on your right is the Carnegie Library. If you care to go in, you'll be greeted by the veiled marble face of Justice—and a handy check-out system; they simply microfilm your book and library card. You'll walk on past cigar stores, McDowell Custom Tailors, a colored doorman in a neat, blue hotel uniform, and the Fulton National Bank building, where the travel agency will entice you with the far, faraway sounds of an ad for Northwest Orient Airlines. Here at a six street amalgamation of traffic lights, you'll stop amid the smells of White and Negro, of peanuts and fresh asphalt, to look at the huge granite statue of Henry W. Grady and his wife on the traffic island while you gain the courage to cross the street. Who was Henry W. Grady? Atlantans aren't sure, but he must have been pretty important, or the city hospital, a school, and a hotel, wouldn't be named for him.

Almost at Rich's which, incidentally, covers two city blocks and boasts the "world's largest basement store" you can see the lordly home of the Atlanta *Journal-Constitution,* the paper which "Covers Dixie Like the Dew" according to its masthead. And here, if it's hot, if you're thirsty, if you have an arty mother like mine to show you around, and if you're inspired by this artist's Holy Land, you'll venture across the street down the "Alley" to Mama's. Mama's is a bar, with slow fans overhead, sixpacks on ice—the works. If you have the patience to sit there long enough you're likely to hear a Maggie Long or Ralph McGill heatedly discussing *core,* the Reverend King, or much less likely—Red China in the U.N., which will be your only hint of small town Atlanta on Forsythe Street.

EPILOGUE: RICH'S DEPARTMENT STORE

At dusk, in winter, wherever I am, if I'm alone, I close my eyes and find myself in a Christmas ritual as traditional as hanging on the tree the old frosted crystal ornament that you've loved since babyhood.

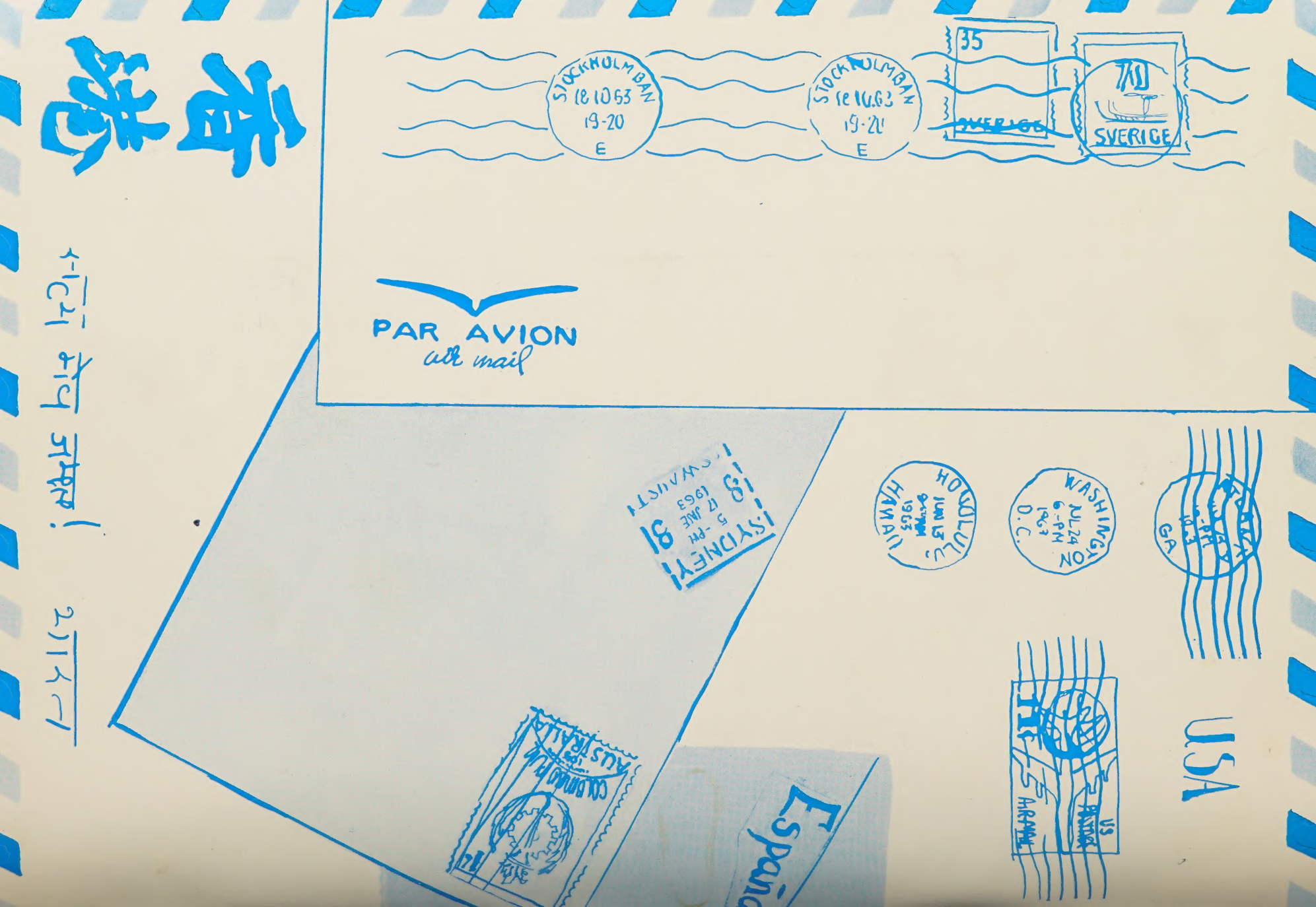
With arms full of packages—an extra one each year for a new niece or nephew—and a tummy full of frosted malted from the second floor snack-bar, I leave the warm confusion of the "South's Great Store", and set my teeth for an icy, long wait for the Ponce de Leon-Decatur trolley. And this time I don't mind the chilling wind, because it, too, is part of the ritual.

High above me, on the bridge which spans the street between the two blocks of Rich's, stands the "Great Tree", a tree so enormous that the star at the top is five feet tall. And across the narrow street, in front of the housewares store, angels in quaint dark bonnets shout joy to the world. As a gold bell booms from the window display, a small brown boy beside me clasps his mother's hand and grins.

This is a world of gilded perfume bottles, and music boxes, and apricot pajamas—indeed, a world in angel hair. And I think as I stand there, that wherever I am, as long as there is a dusk and winter, Atlanta will always be my home.

STAFF 1963-64

Editor-in-chief/Jane Trivette
Advisor/Mrs. Gordon K. Chalmers
Business Manager/Alice Methfessel
Editorial Editor/Martha Watson
Essay Editor/Sarah Adams
Fiction Editor/Ann Aldrich
Poetry Editor/Lou Anne Garland
Art Editor/Lynn Vance
Associate Art Editor/Elizabeth Rucker
Make-up Editor/Pam Grebe
Copy Editor/Marney Collins
Typist/Jane Hoyme


STOCKHOLM BAN
18 10 63
19-20
E
STOCKHOLM BAN
18 10 63
19-20
E
35
SVERIGE
PAR AVION
air mail
HONOLULU
HAWAII
WASHINGTON
D.C.
USA
SYDNEY
AUSTRALIA